

Ym Brown makes a friend at Regent.

It was not long before Lorr had effected his object in part. That is to say, he had caught Hardy several times coming out of Lockets Hall, or Chapel, & had fastened himself upon him, often walking with him up to the very door of his room. But this matter ended. Hardy was very civil & gentlemanly, he even seemed pleased to have Lorr with him, but there was a ~~something~~ ^{something} ~~un-~~ ^{un-} ~~pleasant~~ ^{pleasant} about him which Lorr could not make out. But as he only liked Hardy more the more he saw of him, he very soon made up his mind to break ground himself, & to make a day at a rate. For something more than a week speaking no regard to. One evening, he blurted out, "Say, Hardy. I wish you'd let me come in & sit with you a bit." "I will if you like," answered

"Come in by all means if you like," answered the other, as they entered.

The other, that they endured.
The room was the worst, both in situation & furniture,
which even hadget seen. Wooden chairs, a
richety sofa, a dingy carpet, were not cheerful objects
& Hardy made it very plain to his visitor that
he was poorly lodged because he was a poor man.
Tom was a little shy at his host's allusions to
his poverty & was relieved when he inquired, "How
do you like Oxford?"

"Hardly know yet," said Tom; "the first few days I was delighted with going about seeing the building, but, as soon as college life I learnt very that I like it as much as I liked my school life."

"I don't understand," said Hardy. "By what?"

"I don't understand," said Mary. "Why not?"
"Oh! I hardly know," said Tom, laughing; "I don't seem
as if I had anything to do here, that's one reason, I think (and
these Tom and at night I was rather a great one."

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There are had a share in the making of 3000 copies, & great deal of responsibility, but here some has only just 3 late can possibly. I keep out of scrape, & that's what I never could do. What do you think a fellow ought to do, now, up here?"

"Oh, I don't see much difficulty in that," said his host, smiling; "get up your lecture well & begin with."

"Nothing but an affair," said Torr, "I've done all the work over & over again. I just don't take me an hour a day to get up."

"Well, then, sit down & read something regularly - reading for your degree, for instance."

"Well, but now I should really like to know what you did yourself," said Torr; "you are the only man of much older standing than myself whom I know at all yet - What did you do now, in your first year?"

"I really hardly remember what I did besides read. I just, I mean, up with a definite purpose of reading. My father was very anxious that I should be a good scholar. Then my position in the college was pretty naturally kept me out from anything which other men do."

Torr flushed again at the ugly word, but not as much as at first.

"You would not think it," he began again, keeping on the same string, "but I can hardly let you know I am in the sort of responsibility I was talking to you about. I have no doubt I shall get the vacuum filled up before long, but for the life you I can't see how yet."

"You will be a very lucky fellow if you don't find it quite as much as you can do to keep yourself in order up here. It is about the longest part of a man's life, I believe, the time he has to live at home. Any university life has been altogether different from what yours will be, that my experience is not likely to benefit you."

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"I wish you would try me, though," said Sam; "you don't know what a lease-habit the rest of fellows I am; if anybody will take me the right way. You taught me to read, you know; or at least put me in the way to learn. Read Deculling, & running, & cricket, & all the rest of it, with such reading as I am likely to do, won't be enough. I feel sure of that already."

"I don't think it well," said Hardy. "The amount of physical or mental work will fill the vacuum you were talking of just now. It is the empty hours except & game which which must be filled somehow. It is pretty good three years' work to learn how to keep the devils out of it, more or less, by the time you take your degree. At least I have found it so."

Hardy rose & took a turn or two up & down his room. He was astonished at finding himself talking so unreservedly to one of whom he knew so little, & half-wished the words recalled. Why should he be talking of you & your head with people? Now did he know that they were thinking of the same thing?

But the spoken word cannot be recalled; it must go on its way for good or evil; & this one set the hearer clanging into the ashes & putting many things together in his head.

It was some minutes before he took silence, but at last he fastened upon his thoughts, & said, "Well, I suppose I shan't shrink when the time comes. You don't think a fellow need shut himself up, though? I'm sure I shouldn't be any the better for that."

"No, I don't think you would," said Hardy.

"Because, you see," Sam went on, waving bold & more confidential, "if we were to take something by myself, I shouldn't read as you or any sensible fellow would do; I know that well enough. I should just begin, sitting with my legs upon the mantel-piece, & slipping into my own mind. See you are laughing, but you know what I mean. Don't you, now?"

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"You, sharing with the nation you were talking of
just now, it all comes back to that," said Hardy,
"Well, perhaps it does. I said I don't believe
it does a jot or a bit of good to be thinking about
himself & his own doing."

"I don't know that," said Hardy. "he can't learn
anything worth learning in any other way."

"Oh, I like that!" said Jerry, "it's worth learning how
to play Lewis's, & how to speak the truth. You can't
learn either by thinking about yourself ever so much."

"You must know the truth before you can speak it," said Hardy.

"So you always do in plenty of time."

"Now," said Hardy.

"Oh, I don't know," said Jerry, "by a sort of instinctual
suspense. I never in my life felt any doubt
about what I ought to say or do; did you?"

And as they talked on, until ^{Jerry} Hardy found he had
been more than told hours with his friend, & then
he left it over with "Come whenever you like," from
Hardy.

And when he had gone, Hardy's first thought was one of
pleasure at having been caught out by one who seemed
to be just the sort of friend he would like to have. "I'll
pardon the acquaintance - I think he will - it will be long
he likes me for myself. And I can do him good, too.
I feel sure," he went on. "What a blessed thing of mine
can only help a youngster like this to fight his way
through the cold atmosphere which is always hanging
over him - can help to keep some living faith in
him, that the world, as yet, is not a respectable
piece of machinery yet going some centuries back!
But it's an awful business, that temptation
to believe, or think you believe, in a dead God.
What are all the temptations of the world, the flesh, & the
devil to this? It includes them all. Well, I
believe I can help him, & please God, I will if
he will only let me, & the very right of him does
me good. So I don't believe it was made for nothing."
And so, at last Hardy preached his last sermon that
he ever gave, & took down a book to supply himself with some hours before
he died.

Our hero soon began to feel that he was contradicting in good college friendships. The great strong body, strong student, with his broad, firm, manly undertone in his eyes, alternating like the storm & sunshine of a July day in a high mountain; his keen sense of humor & appreciation of all the good things of this life, the real enjoyment of which he was so sure, his strong, kindly, firm, high principle, had from the first seized powerfully on all Lewis's sympathies; & as daily passing more hold upon him.

Release it is the man who has the gift of friendship; for it is one of God's best gifts. It is not that many things, but above all the power of going out of oneself & seeing & appreciating what is noble & living in another.

But even to him who has the gift, it is often a great puzzle to find out whether a man is really a friend or not. The following is recommended as a test in the case of a man about whom you are not quite sure, especially if he should happen to have more of this world's goods, either in the shape of talents, rank, money, or what not, than you.

Take the man stripped stark naked of everything in the world, except an old pair of trousers & a shirt for decency's sake, without even a name to him; & dropped down in the middle of Holborn or Piccadilly. Would you grasp him there & there, & lead him out from amongst the cakes & confectioners, & take him to your own home, & feed him & tell him, & stand by him against all the world, for ever last sovereign, & your last leg of mutton? If you would not do this; you have no right to call him by the sacred name of friend. If you would, to all intents & purposes he would do the same by you, you may count yourself a rich man. For, probably, men's friendships, expressible by, or convertible into, current coin of the realm, one such friend would be worth to a man, at least £100,000. But friendship is not so expressible or convertible. It is more precious than wisdom, & wisdom & cannot be sold for gold, nor shall it be mentioned

in comparison thereof? Not all the riches that ever
came out of earth's mine are worth the assurance of one
such real abiding friendship in your heart of hearts.
But for the worth of a friendship commonly so called
meaning merely a sentiment founded on what
you have got or hope to get out of another in his
powers of procuring enjoyment of one kind or
another for your miserable body or mind - why
such a friendship as that is to be appraised easily
enough if you find it worth your while.

Tom was rapidly falling into friendships with the
He was not bound hand & foot & carried away captive
yet; but he was already getting deep in the toils.

Kardy's History

"My father is an old commander in the Royal Navy.
He was a second cousin of Melden's Kardy, & that, I believe
was what led him into the navy. For he had no interest
whatever of his own. However, those were times when brave
men who knew & loved their profession could not
be overlooked, & my dear old father fought his way
up step by step - not very fast certainly, but still fast
enough to keep him in heart about his chance in life.

"My father was made commander towards the end
of the war, & got a ship, in which he sailed with a convoy of
merchandise from Bristol. It was the last voyage he
ever made in active service; but the Admiralty was so
well satisfied with his conduct in it that they kept
his ship in commission two years after the peace
was declared. And well they might be. For in the Spanish
main he fought an action which lasted, I was told, for two
days, with a French ship of war & a privateer, either of
which ought to have been a match for him.

"Well, he came home with a stiff leg. The Bristol merchants
gave him the freedom of the city in a gold box, & a splendidly
mounted sword with an inscription on the blade,
which hangs over the mantel-piece at home. When I first
left home, I asked him to give me his old service sword,
which used to hang by the other, & he gave it me at once. Though
I was only a lad of seventeen, so he would give me
his right eye, dear old father which is the only one he has
now.

was; the other he lost from a cutlass wound in a
Boarding party. There it hangs, where are his effluents,
in the case. They need to lie under my pillow
before I had a notion of my own & many a cowardly
down hearted fellow have they helped to pull me through.
Brown, & many a mean act have they helped to keep
me from doing. There they are always, the sight of
them brings home the dear old man to me as nothing
else does. Hardly even his letters. I would have
great seconded to go wrong with such a father.

"Let's see - when was I? Oh yes, I remember. Telling my
father got his last reward. I wrote very handsome
letters from several great ones, but he never got
another ship. Year after year slipped by, it
pelted him with doing nothing, but he tried to
make it was all right, & said, 'God forbid that
his Majesty should take me if there is a better man
to be had?'

"When my father was made commander, he married
bought a cottage & a piece of land with his prize money
advances, where he kept his wife when he went on his
last voyage. They had sailed some years, for
neither of them had any money; but there were these
two people who wanted it - as, or did more good
without it to all who came near them. They had
a hard time of it, too, for my father had to pay half pay,
as commanders half pay is it much to live
upon & keep a family. For they had a family,
three besides me; but they are all gone. And my
mother, too, she died when I was quite young, & I
lost him some time. My father, after this used
to sit silent for hours together, doing nothing but
look over the sea.

After a short time he took to teaching me a great
many that I have I mean - was away from him for
an hour, except when I was asleep, until I went
out into the world.

"Red told you, my father was naturally fond of study. He
had kept up the little Latin he had learnt as a boy, &
had always been reading whatever he could lay his hands
on; & that I could not have had a better father. I

was no oceans to me, particularly no geography me; for there was no part of the world's coast that he did not know, & could tell me what it & the people who lived there were like.

"When I was nearly ten, a new vicar came. He was no bigger than my father, was a widower like him, only he had no child. He soon became very intimate with us, & was allowed to teach me Greek which he said, it was time I should I learned. He had a great talent for my father, who had brought a Greek grammar & dictionary sometime before & I learned the him of two, dear old father, with his glass, in his eye, puzzling away over them when I was playing ^{for hours} ~~about~~ ^{upon my head} ~~a whole~~ ^{day} of it. My father only sat by at the Greek lessons, took no part, but first he began to put in a word here & there, then would repeat words & sentences himself, took over my book while I constructed, & very soon was just as regular a pupil of the vicar as I.

And so went on learning all I could from my father, the vicar until I was sixteen. By that time I had begun to think for myself, & had made up my mind that it was time I should do something. At boyhood wanted to leave home less, I believed, but I saw that I must make a man if I was ever to be what my father wished me to be. So I spoke to the vicar, who quite agreed with me & made inquiries amongst his acquaintances; & so, before long, I was offered the place of under master in a Commercial School, about twenty miles from home. The vicar brought the offer & my father was very angry at first: but we talked him over & he took the education.

"And I am very glad I did, although there were many drawbacks. The salary was £35 a year, & for that I had to drill all the boys in English & arithmetic, & Latin, & teach the Greek grammar to the few or six who paid extra to learn it. We had our work quite clearly laid down for us; & we set to put the boys in the way of getting real knowledge, & understanding, & any of the things I believe I have done but I put them in the way of getting on. I spent three years in that school, & in that time I grounded myself

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The subject is just the name of the person or thing which does the action.

The verb is the word which expresses the action.

There are many verbs; a verb to express almost every action. We may say,

He falls, strips, runs, hots, plays, pulls, squeezes, whistles, cries, laughs, peeps, smiles, carries, spins, tumbles, &c.

Or, It rains, snows, blows, thunders, freezes.

Or, The plant grows, thrives, blossoms, droops, withers, dies.

(2.) But the verb does not always state what the subject does:-

The chair is broken.

Henry was praised.

Clara has been punished:-

We are not told what breaks, but certainly not the chair; the action of breaking is done to the chair: in the same way, we are not told who praises; not Henry.

Somebody praised him; he was praised.

Clara does not punish, but, very much otherwise, she has been punished.

These verbs express action, as before, but the action is done to the subject.

(3) John is happy.

Baby was asleep.

John was pale.

In these sentences, the verb does not express action.

John, taking boy